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SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915

Though a man may grow learned
by other men's thoughts, yet he will
grow wise and happy only by his
own.
—Sir W. Temple.

The Arabic's Hip Pocket

The defense of the commander of the submarine which destroyed the steamer Arabic was one much in vogue and generally effective in the Southwest in the primordial days of Billy the Kid, Curley Bill and others who ensanguined the soil when gentlemen died without the previous formality of removal of their boots. When the precipitate action of citizens resulted in the death of other citizens, and the former were brought into court, the invariable plea was self-defense. It might be shown at the trial that the victim was unarmed. The defendant always carried to the witness stand with him a look of sincere regret that he had made a bad guess at his victim with respect to his armament, but he found solace in the declaration, "It seemed to me like he motioned toward his hip pocket."

That defense, though now worn threadbare, has not yet fallen entirely into disuse. Less than two years ago it was employed by a young man in Bisbee who killed a man in a restaurant after inadvertently killing at the first shot an innocent bystander. But a Cochise county jury returned a verdict of not guilty, since the young man had thought that his adversary had "motioned toward his hip pocket" though a postmortem examination had disclosed that it was empty. That jury, as well as earlier Arizona juries, could not bring itself to recommend punishment of a fellow citizen for a mere error of judgment.

The hip pocket was a deadly appendage of apparel in the early days. We have often wondered why people persisted in wearing it. The act of reaching for a handkerchief was fraught with peril. It is related that many a tenderfoot succumbed to his unfamiliarity with the customs of the country.

Though the law books prescribed that self-defense was allowable only when one was backed against a wall or hedged in a corner, nobody heeded that prescription, nor was any citizen bound to restrain himself until seized with such a fear as a reasonable man might entertain that great bodily harm was meditated against him.

The commander of the destroying submarine appears to have thought that he saw the Arabic "motioning toward her hip pocket," though the testimony of those who survived the result of his misapprehension shows that not only was the hip pocket empty, but the Arabic was not even aware of the presence of an enemy.

The commander's government takes the ground, however, that his judgment, erring as it may have turned out to be, was not unreasonably formed and that his action upon that judgment was thereby excusable. It cannot, therefore, disavow that action, however regrettable the result of it may be.

It remains now to be seen whether this country will acquiesce in the doctrine that "motioning toward the hip pocket" was a sufficient excuse for homicide.

Taxing the Mail Order Houses

We cannot conceive what excuse congress could have to offer for failure to pass the Hinebaugh bill, taxing the mail order houses on the amount of business they transact in the different states. The proposed tax of one per cent. is certainly low enough, almost ridiculously low in comparison with the tax direct and indirect laid upon the local merchants.

The latter pay municipal and sometimes state and county license taxes in addition to their property tax. Heavier than all, they voluntarily, though generally under some pressure, pay a tax in the shape of subscriptions of one kind or another. We suppose it is much everywhere as it is in Phoenix. Here the merchant is the first approached by subscription circulators. He is expected to make contributions to every enterprise, worthy and unworthy. He subscribes to the fund of at least one church and sometimes more than one. He subscribes to the Y. M. C. A. He pays into a fund for the state fair. He must buy tickets to the scores of balls and suppers given by the local lodges and organizations. Public or popular movements sometimes requiring large expenditures of money make demands upon the merchant. His subscriptions to them range from \$1 to \$100. The money spent by the local merchant in this way probably exceeds his state, county, municipal and license taxes, amounting to far more than one per cent. annually on his gross sales.

This outlay proves a serious handicap in his competition with the mail order houses, which appeal to their patrons' ignorance of quality, and whose cheapness of price obscures the question of quality altogether.

Moreover the mail order houses dip only into the cream of the trade, the cash trade. There is left for the heavily taxed local merchant the credit trade, the expense of bookkeeping, and, finally,

many uncollectible accounts to be charged off after futile attempts have been made to collect them. This item alone amounts to much more than the proposed one per cent. tax on the business of the mail order houses.

The Zeal of Dumba

Dumba, the Austrian ambassador, went too far in his zeal for his country and he placed himself and this country in a position so embarrassing that a request for his recall became unavoidable. To a certain point he was within his rights. He had a right to demand of Austrian subjects in this country that they refrain from working in American munition factories which are turning out war material for the allies. There is a municipal law in Austria, enacted recently, we believe, making it a crime for subjects of Austria to engage or remain in such employment. Though the law could not be enforced outside the boundaries of Austria-Hungary, and though those who violate it could not be punished unless they should return to that empire, it was proper for the ambassador to inform his countrymen in America of the law and urge their obedience to it. But when he went so far as to order them to engage in strikes and to prevent others from working in such munition factories, and otherwise interfere with an occupation which is legitimate, if not moral, he was urging a violation of American laws.

The mere interference with American laws, though no violation of law is involved has been held to be cause for the dismissal of a foreign minister. When Mr. Cleveland was a candidate for re-election in 1888, a letter was sent from California to the British minister at Washington, asking his advice to former British subjects, but then American citizens, as to their action at the approaching election. The letter stated that such American citizens had lost none of their love for their mother country and desired to vote in such a manner as best to serve her interests. It is needless to say that the letter was a republican trap, and the thick-headed diplomat fell into it.

He replied, urging his former countrymen to support Mr. Cleveland, who, he said, was friendly to Great Britain and whose tariff policy was especially favorable to British trade. The reply became a republican campaign document and contributed, perhaps, more than any one other incident, to the defeat of Mr. Cleveland. At the request of this government the British minister was recalled.

The most flagrant misuse of the diplomatic position of Ambassador Dumba was the dispatch of a messenger under an American passport to the Austrian foreign office. By that he not only gave serious offense to this government, but placed it, as a neutral, in an embarrassing position with respect to the allies.

THE BOYS OF LA BASSEE

You'll see from the La Bassee Road on any summer day.
The children herding nannygoats, the women making hay.
You'll see the soldiers, khaki-clad, in column and platoon,
Come swinging up La Bassee Road from billets in Bethune.
There's hay to save and corn to cut, but harder work by far
Awaits the soldier boys who reap the harvest fields of war.
You'll see them swinging up the road, where women work at hay.
The straight, long road, La Bassee Road, on any summer day.

The night breeze sweeps La Bassee Road, the night dew wet the hay.
The boys are coming back again, a straggling crowd are they.
The column's lines are broken up and gaps in the platoon,
They'll not need many billets now for soldiers in Bethune.
For many boys, good, lusty boys, who marched so very fine,
Have now got little homes of clay beside the firing line.
Good luck to them, Godspeed to them, the boys who march away,
A-singing up La Bassee Road each sunny summer day.

—Patrick MacGill, in Westminster Gazette.

WHO'LL MARRY BRITISH ROYALTY?

Britain's royal house will be at a loss for royal families to marry into when this war is concluded. German royalties, even if the Hohenzollerns are left on the throne, can never again marry or be given in marriage with kings or queens, princes or princesses of Britain's royal family. Royal families of Germany and of countries sympathetic with Germany are excluded from the list of candidates for wedlock with British royalties. Russia's state church is on brotherly terms with the Church of England. Religious difference would not absolutely forbid a Russo-British royal marriage. Europe is not the home of many royal houses that are at once Protestant and pro-British. War's effect on future royal marriages in Britain is more interesting than important. British peoples are now concerned with more awful and momentous issues than those related to the intermarriage of royalties. British princes and princesses for all time to come will have to look elsewhere than Germany for brides and bridegrooms.—Toronto Telegram.

THE ENDLESS BATTLE

Look around today. Lo, here and now in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old myths are still true. Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death yet often the path of Duty leads; through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful; and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the powers of darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels still go over the good, the true and the beautiful that might spring from human lives.

And they who fight with Ormuzd, though they may not know each other—somewhere, sometime, will their muster roll be called.—Henry George.

HE HAD HIS DOUBTS

Wife—Don't you think I should have a vote?
Husband—I dunno, Jane. You'd probably want a new hat to wear at the polls.

KING ALFONSO'S SON ON A VACATION



Prince Jaime and Countess del Puerto out for a walk.

This picture of Prince Jaime, second son of the King and Queen of Spain, was taken recently at Santander, a famous watering place on the Bay of Biscay, where the Spanish royal family are enjoying a vacation. After a strenuous social season at Madrid, Prince Jaime is seven years old, having been born June 23, 1908.

Uncensored Sense and Nonsense

(By Remlik)

In writing short verse, of the Limerick style
Your thinker goes back on you, once in a while
And you can't get a drink
To help scare up a think
So you've got to be wise or else darn versa-tile.

And that last is a bad thing to be
Unless you are familiar with its action.
I know one man (no relation of mine)
Who was so versatile that his people
Had to put him in the insane asylum.
I know several here in Phoenix who
Are troubled with it and people think
They are lars. It's VERSATILITY.

For the benefit of those who don't know
The meaning of the word versa-tility,
I will explain that it means—just what
The dictionary says it does.

"The Bulgarians are fortifying Dedagatch." Those press fellows ought to translate the whole message from the cyphergrams. In this instance they only got as far as fortifying.

There are a whole lot of knockers and others who are crying hard luck and hard times who are busy WATCHING the paving on First avenue. It upsets some of their "theories," but it gives them a grand opportunity of telling the other idlers how the work "OUGHT" to be done.

It's luncheon when you have money and lunch when you're broke. For instance, when I went to lunch yesterday—well, "Father I cannot tell a lie."

Dig out that old sock of cash, or take it out of the old hen's nest, or take it out of the attic and put it into circulation. Make ANY sort of an investment and there are plenty of them right here at home that will net you ten per cent and perfectly safe at that, and you will have done YOUR part toward giving us all a chance to partake of luncheons. THE COWARD, THE SELFISH and the IGNORANT is the HOARDER. He (or she) is not only an undesirable; but an enemy of humanity in general. Hoarding money is equally as criminal, in the minds of financiers, as stealing money. Indeed it is stealing. It is grabbing it out of its channel and checking the flow.

That money is not YOUR money. It has merely fallen into your unprincipled hands and you are withholding it from those who have as much interest in it as YOU have. Therefore you are an EMBLEZZLER.

The law cannot get at you, but it is to be hoped that some person, whom the law might style a THIEF, WILL find your cache, and if he does, I hope that THE LAW will be unable to find HIM. He is ONE kind of a robber; but, Mr. Hoarder, he's a better man than YOU are, ANY day.

If lots in Oakland are worth a certain price (and they may be, I'm no real estate party) What are lots in Kenilworth?

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason

BEFORE AND AFTER

"To gain a smile from your starchy eyes, I'd play a dragon," the lover cries. "I'd dip the sea from its ancient bed, I'd scoop the snow from your mountain's head, I'd grab a star from the spangled sky, to light your path as you toddle by. I'd catch a whale, though it's fierce and fleet, and proudly lay it before your feet. Whatever a mortal man can do, will be done by me, dear love, for you." Oh, the fair maid falls for this tommyrot, and off to the parson then they trot, and the good man says, "You are man and wife; I have sentenced you, and your term's for life." The passerby, when a year has flown, may hear the passionate husband groan: "The minute I step within these doors, you have a list of a thousand chores. There is no rest for a weary soul, you want some water, you want some coal, I should be mowing the ding-donked lawn, or pulling weeds till the light is gone, or pruning trees with a butcher knife—a man's a chump when he takes a wife." Oh, girls, who plan to be happy fraus, beware the man who is long on vows!

THE MORTGAGE

You'd need white paper by the ton, the pen of Oppenheim or Dante, if you'd describe the grief of one who has a mortgage on his shanty. The mortgage is a greivous weight for workman to stagger under. It bends the back that once was straight and makes the hair as gray as thunder. The toiler says, "To blithely roam the landscape o'er, I've long been wanting; I'll put a mortgage on my home, and buy a car and do some jaunting." He puts the mortgage on his shack, and buys a motor with the money. "In fourteen months I'll pay it back," he says, "or it will be blamed funny." Alas, an Old Man of the Sea he's placed upon his back and shoulder, and from the weight he won't be free till he's asleep beneath a boulder. The home that once his vision won, a pride that all the world indulges—will soon from his possession slide, while he is paying for dead horses. Debt is the worst and fiercest hell that e'er inspired a smoking sonnet; 'twere better 'neath a bridge to dwell than in a hall with mortgage on it.

COFFEE HER ONLY FOOD

Baltimore, Md.—Kate Larber, 13 years old, has, since she was 14 months old, "taken practically no nourishment but coffee, which she drinks in large quantities sometimes twenty cups a day. This according to her grandmother.

The child, says the grandmother, has been at Johns Hopkins and the Hebrew hospitals for treatment, but she never has been persuaded to eat. Though emaciated and unable to stir from the couch where she lies all day she appears perfectly normal in all other ways, talks intelligently and is perfectly content if supplied with ice balls and coffee.

She has never been able to attend school and shows no desire to go out or indulge in the ordinary pastimes of children. Never has she eaten meat, vegetables or bread.

Vest Pocket Essays

By George Fitch

THE PINE TREE

Next to the horse the pine tree has been the most faithful friend of man.

Other friends are tickle. The oats curl up and die in the early June sun. The corn flourishes mightily and withers under the September frost like a geranium on a cold night. The wheat receives the chinch bug joyfully to its bosom and lets man struggle through the winter on credit. But the pine tree stands at attention through the centuries, waiting for man to come along with a two-ended saw and make it into houses, telegraph poles, turned oak furniture and ten thousand other conveniences of civilization.

This nation has housed 100,000,000 people in the last century, but it couldn't have done it without the pine tree. When the Pilgrims landed they were met by the Indians, made quitos, chileans and pine trees and only the latter did them any good. The pioneer built his home of pine logs and when the hucky young western city desired to become a metropolis, in ten years it built a railroad to the nearest pine forest and let the carpenters do the rest.

However the pine tree is now overdoing the friendly business. It is spilling us like the fond parent. We build our hotels of pine and discover after the defective flue has gotten in its deadly work with pain that the occupants were not covered by insurance. We build our schools of pine and hunt for our children over two counties after the sucker cyclone has passed. We build whole cities of pine and ten years afterward they look like the painless ruins of an architect's disordered dream.

The pine tree has served its day. Like the horse, it is becoming an extravagance. We use pine now, because we are lazy and in a hurry. But America is already completed and it doesn't need to be in a hurry any longer. The government should protect the pine tree with a leak-proof, air-tight injunction and use it for scenery while we get busy with the brick yards and stone quarries and concrete mills and build our nation over so that a lighted match will not cause a shudder to run convulsively through a hundred insurance companies.

SEE AMERICA FIRST—FOREIGN LANDS AT HOME

Every American desires to travel in foreign lands and soak himself in strange and uncouth customs. However it is not necessary to pay over the price of a durable automobile to some steamship company in order to do this. All that is necessary is care to New York.

New York is the metropolis of America and half a dozen other nations. By feeding a nickel at intervals to the parous street car conductor the visitor in New York can skip lightly from Italy to Hungary, to Palestine, to China, and on to Russia without bothering about customs duties. He can find as much difficulty in making himself understood as if America was three weeks and \$300 away, and he can eat meals which are as hard to understand and get over as the celebrated table d'hotes of Naples, and Canton, China.

The New York visitor who leaves Fifth avenue and plunges resolutely into the East Side a mile away can see Sicilian readists stabbing each other in the back with all the grace and fluency which has made their native land famous. He can worship at Chinese joss houses if he likes and can wade through Russian streets which show as little regard for sanitation as the originals far away.

When he has tired of this he can go over on Fifth Avenue to some of the city's most tightly buttoned up clubs and discover more perfect English accents and manners than can be found in London; and he can go to a hotel and order a meal which is all French but the boy who steals the hats at the entrance.

The New York visitor can also study the customs and manners of Ireland in Tammany Hall and various precinct clubs; the justly celebrated literature of Greece in the shoe-shining parlors. He can look over the naval architecture of all the countries on earth except America in New York harbor and can find enough Gothic churches, Renaissance palaces, Early Tudor residences, and late O'Brien billboards to keep him sight-seeing for a month. Seeing foreign lands in New York is very pleasant, because whenever the tourist gets homesick for America he can get into a subway jam at six o'clock and have the buttons torn off his clothes in a manner which will make him weep tears of thankfulness and exclaim: "After all, there is no place like home. Get off my foot, you chump!"

Grown people should always take the children with them to picnic in the woods. The innocent little things make excellent bait for the chiggers.

YOU

should protect your family.

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Where the People May Have Hearing

To the Editor of The Republican:

Sir:—I am no farmer or agriculturist, and for that reason it may be that the apprehensions I am about to voice may evoke complacent smiles from those who are better informed. However that may be, I have an idea that is bullet proof. It is that the continued prosperity of the inhabitants of this valley is largely, some might say entirely, dependent upon the maintained productivity of the soil under irrigation. If that productivity is for any reason reduced, every one in this valley is bound to feel the pinch of curtailed business and lessened prosperity.

I may be wrong about this (hope I am) but since I am an interested citizen, this apprehension troubles me and I want to get it off my mind. I hope that some kind hearted agriculturist may come forward and show me that I am borrowing trouble. If I am right I may start some one with power to act effectively thinking on what appears to me to be a genuine menace.

It is this Johnson grass. I know the name is the same, but I can prove an alibi. Not responsible.

I have had poured into my ears woe-tales of loss and failure by some of the travelers from the states of Texas and Oklahoma. The burden of their plaint is Johnson Grass. Fields that once waved with grain and gladdened the hearts of the farmers by abundant yields fell the victims of a progressive disease that proved to be as incurable as leprosy. After years of unremitting and unrewarded fighting many gave up in despair, sold out their lands at \$5.00 per acre, lands that by careful husbandry had risen in value to \$150.00 per-acre before the advent of the dreaded grass. I am informed that the most radical methods employed by these despairing agriculturists failed entirely to destroy the grass. Every attempt at its destruction was mocked by ranker growths. Nothing will destroy it that will not also destroy the fertility of the soil. Old will kill it, salt will kill it—but those two remedies are as fatal as the disease. Where it has fastened its deeply driven roots no crops of value can be produced. It grows rank and gross choking out crops that are planted in fields where its roots exist.

The state legislatures of Texas and Oklahoma came to a tardy realization of the plague that had irredeemably blighted the lands, and, like the beleaguered horse owner who locks the stable door after the visit of the thief, enacted drastic laws assessing heavy fines and punishment against all land owners who permitted the hated grass to produce seed.

But how about this valley? It does not require the trained eye of the farmer to see this grass growing on every hand. Even the casual observer detects it. It grows rankly along the edges of every canal—I believe I would not be far wrong if I said every foot of canal bank. The laterals and ditches are bordered with it, many fields are taken with it. It grows abundantly on the vacant lots and roadsides. On every hand it may be seen going to seed.

What are you going to do about it? Are we not sitting idly by blindly oblivious to the spread of this creeping destroyer? Are we going to let the sad experiences of the farmers of Texas and Oklahoma teach us nothing?

R. D. O. JOHNSON.
Phoenix, Sept. 10, 1915.

A BIG DOZEN

A young Irishman, shortly after coming to this country, was stopping with a friend of his boyhood now living in New York. One day the friend took him down to have a look at Washington market. Passing a fruit stand, they saw some grape fruit, which the new arrival's friend said were oranges.

"My, my," said the other, "but they're big fellows! I'll engage you it wouldn't take many of them to make a dozen."—Everybody's Magazine.

Says J. Fuller Gloom: "Whenever possible I prefer to get it in my brother-in-law's neck."

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